

AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS OF THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

A Consoling Interpretation of the Psalmist's Words, "Put Thou My Tears Into Thy Bottle"—God's Acquaintance With Our Griefs—Comfort For the Afflicted.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 27.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage chose a unique theme as his subject for today—viz, "A Bottle of Tears," the text selected being Psalm lvi, 8, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

Hardly a mail has come to me for 30 years that has not contained letters saying that my sermons have comforted the writers of those letters. I have not this summer nor for 20 years spoken on the platform of any outdoor meeting, but coming down I have been told by hundreds of people the same thing. So I think I will keep on trying to be a "son of consolation."

The prayer of my text was pressed out of David's soul by innumerable calamities, but it is just as appropriate for the distressed of all ages. Within the past century travelers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of other days have been brought up evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tombs of those ages have been brought up lacrimatories, or lacrymals, which are vials made of earthenware. It was the custom for the ancients to catch the tears that they wept over their dead in a bottle, and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed, and we have many specimens of the ancient lacrimatories, or tear bottle, in our museums.

When on the way from the Holy Land our ship touched at Cyprus, we went back into the hills of that island and bought tear bottles which the natives had dug out of the ruins of the old cities. There is nothing more suggestive to me than the tear bottles which I brought home and put among my curiosities. That was the kind of bottle that my text alludes to when David cries, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

GOD KNOWS OUR GRIEFS.

The text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance and perpetual remembrance of all our griefs and a vial, or lacrymatory, or bottle, in which he catches and saves our tears, and I bring to you the consolation of this Christian sentiment. Why talk about grief? Alas, the world has its pains, and now, while I speak, there are thick darknesses of soul that need to be lifted. There are many who are about to break under the assault of temptation, and perchance, if no words appropriate to their case be uttered, their perish. I come on not God's errand. Put upon your wounds no salve compounded by human quackery; but, pressing straight to the mark, I hail you as a vessel midsea cries to a passing craft, "Ship ahoy!" and invite you on board a vessel of all gold, and the bottle is der, and prayer for sails, and Christ for captain, and heaven for an eternal harbor.

Catherine Rheinholdt, a Prussian, keeps a boat with which she rescues the drowning. When a storm comes on the coast, and other people go to their beds, she puts out in her boat for the relief of the distressed, and hundreds of the drowning has she brought safely to the beach. In this lifeboat of the gospel I put out today, hoping by God's blessing to rescue at least one soul that may now be sinking in the billows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were once caught in the lacrimatories brought up from Herculaneum and Pompeii are all gone, and the bottle is as dry as the scorched of the volcano that submerged them, but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears.

First, I remark that God keeps perpetually the tears of repentance. Many a man has awakened in the morning and found his face wet with tears. He has been weeping from the night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, sick at heart and unfit to step into the light. He grieves, not about his misdoing, but only about its consequences. God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have gushed as the result of such misdeeds, not one ever got into God's bottle. They dried on the forehead, or were dashed down by the blasted hand, or fell into the red wine cup as it came again to the lips foaming with still worse intoxication.

But when a man is sorry for his past and tries to do better—when he renounces his wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of God's mercy and cries amid the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out of his terrible predicament—then God listens; then heaven bows down; then scorpions of pardon are extended from the throne; then his crying rends the heart of heavenly compassion, then his tears are caught in God's bottle.

You know the story of paradise and the serpent. I think it might be put to higher adaptation. An angel stands from the throne of God to find what thing it can on the earth worthy of being carried back to heaven. It goes down through the gold and silver mines of earth, but finds nothing worthy of transportation to the celestial city. It goes down through the depths of the sea, where the pearls lie, and finds nothing worthy of taking back to heaven. But coming to the foot of a mountain it sees a wanderer weeping over his evil ways. The tears of the prodigal start, but do not fall to the ground, for the angel's wing catches them, and with that treasure speeds back to heaven. God sees the angel coming and says, "Behold the brightest gem of earth and the brightest jewel of heaven—the tear of a sinner's repentance."

Oh! when I see the heavenly Shepherd bringing a lamb from the wilderness; when I hear the quick tread of the prodigal's sinning home to find his father; when I see a sailor boy coming on the wharf and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for long neglect and unkindness; when I see the homeless come to God for shelter, and the wretched, and the vile, and the sin-buried, and the passion-blasted appealing for mercy to a compassionate God, I exclaim in ecstasy and triumph, "More tears for God's bottle!"

BODILY AFFLICTIONS. Again, God keeps a tender remembrance of all your sicknesses. How many of you are thoroughly sound in body? Not one out of ten! I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that you are particularly subject to. You have a weak side or back, or are subject to headaches or faintnesses or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervous—as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous!

At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loneliness in your sufferings, but God knows, God feels; God sympathizes. He counts the sleepless nights; he regards the acuteness of the pain; he estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle and count the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the vials, filled with nauseous drafts, and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which he hath gathered all our tears.

Again, God remembers all the sorrows of poverty. There is much want that never

comes to inspection. The demons of the church never see it. The controllers of almshouses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than expose its bitterness. Fathers who fail to gain a livelihood, so that they and their children submit to constant privation; sewing women who cannot ply the needle quick enough to earn their shelter and bread. But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor or in damp cellar or in hot garret, God's angels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those griefs are being collected. Down on the back streets, in all the alleys, amid shanties and log cabins, the work goes on. Tears of want—weeping in summer's heat or freezing in winter's cold—they fall not unheeded. They are jewels for heaven's casket. They are pledges of divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle.

PATERNAL ANXIETIES. Again, the Lord preserves the remembrance of all personal anxieties. You see a man from the most infamous surroundings step out into the kingdom of God. He has heard no sermon. He has received no startling providential warning. What brought him to this new mitre? This is the secret. God looked over the bottle in which he gathers the tears of his people, and he saw a parental tear in that bottle which has been for 40 years unanswered. He said, "Go to, now, and let me answer that tear!" and forthwith the wanderer is brought home to God.

Oh, this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it easy. They have never tried it. It is a pleasant task in the arms of the young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything! But some night, as you sit rocking in that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying: "That child is immortal! The stars shall die, but that is an immortal! Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!"

Now, I know with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness. In the night your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer, No. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so very petulant and reckless, and what pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the ways of uprightness, though he has such strong proclivities for dissipation.

I speak a cheering word. God heard every counsel you ever offered him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have ever passed. God has seen every sinking of your distressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties, and in his lacrymatory, not such as stood in ancient tomb, but in one that glows and glitters beside the throne of God, he holds all those exhausting tears.

The grass may be mown upon your graves and the letters upon your tombstone defaced with the elements before the divine response will come, but he who has declared, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee," will not forget, and some day in heaven while you are ranging the fields of light the gates of pearl will swing back, and glorified with glory that long wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart, and the earth may burn, and the stars fall, and time perish, but God will break his oath and trample upon his promise—never!

OUR BEHAVIORS. Again, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all behaviors. These are the trials that cleave the soul and throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine-press. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the courtroom. But behaviors are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture.

You cannot fly the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them; but, more sure footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb to the tip of your nose and sit shivering on the glaciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outswim the swiftest steamer. You may take caravan and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like a si-moon, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth eye, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind you like skeleton fingers to push you back. They run upon you like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spear. They seem to come haphazard, scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them just right, for God is the archer.

This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore and will keep up with the lightest breeze in which you speed away. Or tarrying at home they will sit beside you by day and whisper over your pillow night after night. I want to assure you that you are not left alone, and that your weeping is heard in heaven.

You will wander among the hills and say, "Up this hill last year our boy climbed with great glee and waved his cap from the top." Or, "This is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in your heart, tingled with gladness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture, and you look around as much as to say: "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with grief? What blast froze up those fountains of the heart?"

Some of you have lost your parents within the last twelve months. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture and try to call back the kindness that once looked out from those old, wrinkled faces and spoke in such a tremulous voice, and you say it is a good picture. But all the while you feel that after all it does not do justice, and you would give almost anything—you would cross the sea, you would walk the earth over—to hear just one word from those lips that a few months ago used to call you by your first name, though so long you yourself have been a parent.

Now, you have done your best to hide your grief. You smile when you do not feel like it. But though you may deceive the world, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated nursery, upon the stricken home and upon the broken heart and says: "This is the way I stand, the way I stand; this is the way I pour my jewels! Cast thy burden on my arm, and I will sustain you. All those tears I have gathered into my bottle!"

But what is the use of having so many tears in God's lacrymatory? Is that great casket or vase why does God preserve all your troubles? Through all the ages of eternity, what use of a great collection of tears? I do not know that they will be kept there forever. I do not know but that in some distant age, as heaven's angel of God may look into the bottle and find it as empty of tears as the lacrymals of earthenware dug up from the ancient city. Where have the tears gone? What spirit of hell hath been invading God's palace and hath robbed it of its lacrymatories? None. These were sanctified sorrows, and those tears were changed into pearls that are now set in the crowns and robes of the ransomed.

I walk up to examine this heavenly casket, gleaming brighter than the sun, and cry, "From what river depths of heaven were those gems gathered?" and a thousand voices reply, "These are transmitted tears from God's bottle." I see scepters of light stretched down from the throne of those who on earth were trod on of men, and in every scepter point, and inlaid in every ivory star of golden throne, I behold an indescribable richness and beauty and cry, "From whence this streaming light—these flashing pearls?" and the voices of the elders before the throne, and of the martyrs under the altar, and of the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the glassy sea exclaim, "Transmitted tears from God's bottle."

IN EVERLASTING EVIDENCE. Let the ages of heaven roll on—the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended. The kolossal disheveled and smoke king proud, the precious stones that adorned Persian tiaras and flamed in the robes of Babylonian processions, forgotten; the Golconda mines charred in the last conflagration; but, first as the evening hills, and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame forever these transmitted tears from God's bottle. Meanwhile let the empty lacrymatory of heaven stand forever. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysopeasus. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne and under the arch of the unfolding rainbow, passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered and say such to each other, "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the psalmist spoke of." "There once were our tears." "That is God's bottle." And while standing there inspecting this richest inlaid vase of heaven, as the towers of the palace dome strike up this silvery chime: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Proper Breathing Movements.

I think it is evident that the proper development and expansion of the lungs by means of well regulated breathing must be regarded as of the greatest value in the prevention and in the treatment of the inactive stages of pulmonary consumption. The more simple the method, the more effective and practical will be the results which flow from it. Among the many exercises which are recommended for this purpose the following movements are very valuable. The arms, being used as levers, are swung backward as far as possible on a level with the shoulders during each inspiration and brought together in front on the same level during each expiration, or the hands are brought together above the head while inspiring and gradually brought down alongside the head while expiring. A deep breath must be taken with each inspiration and held until the arms are gradually moved forward or downward, or longer in order to make both methods fully operative.

Another very simple and effective exercise is to take a deep inspiration, and during expiration in a loud voice count or sing as long as possible. A male person with a good chest capacity can count up to 60 or 80, while in a female, even with good lungs, this power is somewhat reduced. Practice of this sort will slowly develop the lungs, and the increased ability to count longer is a measure of the improvement going on within the chest. Or, again, the taking of six or eight full deep breaths in succession every hour during the day, either while sitting at work or while walking out in the open air, will have a very beneficial effect.—Dr. Thomas J. Mays in Century.

Prince Rupert's Drops.

The most wondrous wonder of the glass-maker's art is the result of a philosophical experiment and is known to scientists as "Prince Rupert's Drop." The glass known by a prince's name are simply the drippings of molten glass pear or tadpole shaped, their curious properties being the result of their being suddenly dashed and the pores covered by coming in contact with water when at a white heat. One of these "drops" can be removed from the water and smartly hammered upon the larger end without causing a fracture, but if the smaller end is touched, the slightest atom clipped from its surface the whole object instantly bursts with explosive violence and disappears as fine dust.

The theory of this phenomenon is that its particles when in fusion are in a state of repulsion, but upon being dropped into water its superfluous are annealed and the atoms return into the power of each other's attraction, the inner particles, still in a state of repulsion, being confined within their outward covering.—St. Louis Republic.

Floral Badges For Different People.

An ingenious person has been pondering the subject of floral badges, and makes these suggestions, to which we add others of our own to carry out the idea. For the first lord of admiralty, docks; for a doctor, eyeglasses and self; for a tailor, Dutchman's breeches; for a broker, stocks and bills; for a philosopher, sage; for a cook, butter and eggs; for a land agent, ground; for a butcher, lamb; for a policeman, beat; for a shepherd, plover; for a musician, thyme; for an acrobat, capers; for a jockey, speedwell; for a woodcutter, hawthorn; for a newspaper humorist, chestnut; for a shoemaker, lady's slipper; for an honest man, lilac, and for a rogue, hemp.—Exchange.

Getting Used to Things.

Western Man (at summer resort)—That beats me! I don't see how you kin sail a boat right along on edge without upsettin' 'er. Amateur—Oh, that's easy enough after you get used to it. I can turn all the way over and come up on the other side. Western Man—Maybe, maybe, though it doesn't look easy. Still I s'pose it's somethin' like cyclones. They 'most scare the life out of you at first, but time by you get so you hunker so you hunker and you get a little while ago I wanted to get to the Chicago fair the worst way, but hadn't a darn cent to spare. So I kept an eye on the weather, and when a cyclone came along headin' that way I just jumped aboard, and there I was.

"Weren't you scared?" "Scared! No. While travelin' through the air I spent my time studyin' the catalogue of the exposition."—New York Weekly.

A Suggestion.

Junior Partner—Well, I think (puff) I'll go out in the trade and see if I can get a few orders (puff, puff). Senior Partner—That's right. Don't fail to take along some of those cigars you smoke and offer them around.

Junior Partner—What? Senior Partner—Se the buyers will die before they have time to cancel the orders.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Liked Filing Saws.

Billy Broadland—I wish pop wasn't a farmer. Willie Wayback—So do I—all except filin' saws. "Why do you like that?" "Cause it makes everybody else just as miserable as I am."—Good News.

A Correction.

Teacher (to a boy in his class)—John, correct the followin' sentence, "It are very cold." John (as he wipes the perspiration from his forehead)—"It are thunderin' hot."—Tit-Bits.

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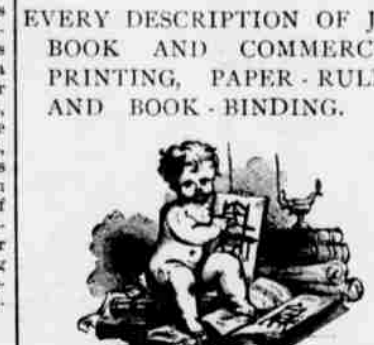
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